

BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

TOCH



*&
WORLD CHAIN OF
LIGHT*

DECEMBER 1948

SYMBOLS OF SERVICE



The symbol of Toc H is the 'Lamp of Maintenance' bearing on its handle the Double Cross which forms part of the Arms of Ypres. Founded among serving men in the first World War, Toc H, initials of Talbot House in the signaller's alphabet, is no old comrades' association. It keeps alive among men and women of all ages, classes and opinions the spirit of comradeship by common Christian service.

Service takes many forms. The philosopher, the artist, the actor and musician all add to the welfare of the community. Their contributions are recorded in

The Listener

A BBC PUBLICATION

EVERY THURSDAY

THREEPENCE

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF
TOC H
& WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT
LONDON 1948

PROGRAMME



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11
THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL
(Manager : C. S. Taylor)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12
EMPRESS HALL, EARLS COURT

PUBLISHED BY TOC H AT FORTY-SEVEN
FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

Tubby's Message *to the Whole Family*

IF there is one good motto left in London, why, it is this: *Vicar*: "Good morning." *Fishporter*: "Mustn't grumble!" They mean it too. I wonder what stout soul got all that truth into two vigorous words. Make them the winter watchwords for Toc H. Forget your failures. Smile on your small sorrows. One of the oldest allies of Toc H on Tower Hill triumphantly remarked to me to-day: "I gets upon a bus sometimes in summer. You know, I likes to see a bit of grass". Deaf, old, unwanted, he is well content.

Ask yourself during 'Light'—"In Toc H, facing 1949, is when best to serve, by patience or impatience, a vital issue?" Britain has always specialised in brakes. So has the Church; so has Toc H sometimes. In 1949, let motive energy be reinforced. Don't idolize inaction. Don't deify delay. Don't miss the bus—or you will also miss that "bit of grass" and fail in your acknowledgement of Him who never grumbled, though men broke His heart. We've broken it again. Why not trust Him? He trusts us with Toc H in 1949.

TUBBY

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

Saturday, December 11

THE FESTIVAL SERVICE

3 p.m. at THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

The Thanksgiving Intercessions and Petitions will be led by Padre Austen Williams. The Rev. George F. McLeod, M.C., D.D., will give the Address. At the Organ: R. Arnold Greir.

4.15 p.m. INTERVAL for Reunion and Refreshments

Please take your seat by 5.25 p.m. in readiness for

THE FESTIVAL EVENING

5.30 p.m. TUBBY will speak and, at 6 p.m., start

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

(For the Ceremony turn to page 11)

followed by Community Singing, etc.

Interval

A FESTIVAL MASQUE: 'I BELIEVE'

(See pages 12 and 13)

Sunday, December 12

Morning :

CHURCH SERVICES

(See the Festival Time-Table)

Afternoon :

THE FAMILY GATHERING AND REUNION

1.30 for 2 p.m. at EMPRESS HALL, EARLS COURT

(See page 23)

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Of Birthday Festivals

ON A DECEMBER EVENING IN 1921 THE infant movement of Toc H threw a 'Birthday Party' in the great ball-room at Grosvenor House, the London residence of the Duke of Westminster in Park Lane. It was the largest gathering the growing family had so far attempted; a good many friends as well as members were present, and among them was the young Prince Henry, now the Duke of Gloucester, who made a shy speech.

The weekend of December 15-16, 1922, saw the first proper 'Birthday Festival'. The Royal Charter, signed by King George V, bears the date of that Saturday. In the afternoon Tubby was inducted as Vicar of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower and the old church was filled with members for a Toc H thanksgiving for the first time in its long history. In the evening a company of 2,000 filled Guildhall in the City of London. The Prince of Wales, as newly appointed Patron, took the chair and lit the Lamps of the first forty Branches; the Ceremony of Light was then used for the first time. The Prince, the Lord Mayor of London, the Burgomasters of Ypres and Poperinghe, Bishop Neville Talbot and Alec Paterson spoke. It was an unforgettable occasion—the first public appearance of Toc H as a national movement. Many visiting members slept (or spent) the night on paillasses on the floors of Grosvenor House, already dismantled and awaiting demolition (a monster block of flats has since taken its place and name). In the ball-room, now

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of Toc H

stripped of furniture, a Birthday Conference was held next day, at which various resolutions were put and passed: the chief of them is still known throughout Toc H as 'The Main Resolution'.

The Festival continued to be held during the weekend nearest to December 15, which is recorded in *Tales of Talbot House* as the opening date of the Old House in Poperinghe until 1926, when some old letters of Tubby, written from Poperinghe in 1915, were published in *Toc H Journal*. These made it clear that the House actually opened its doors on December 11, and that date has been kept as the true Birthday of Toc H ever since. By a happy chance Tubby's own birthday falls on the following day.

In 1924 the Festival evening was transferred to the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, and in 1925, for the first time, to the Royal Albert Hall in Kensington, where Tubby and Pat Leonard, just returned from their 'World Tour', had a tremendous welcome home. In that year also the Thanksgiving, having outgrown the capacity of All Hallows, was held in Southwark Cathedral. For the following three years, 1927-9, it was held in Westminster Abbey, and in 1930, having outgrown the Abbey, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was held in 1933 and again in 1936.

In 1931 there was a move to the Crystal Palace, and in 1932 to Birmingham, with a service in Cadbury's factory and evening in the Town Hall: in 1934 to Leicester (the Cathedral and De Montfort Hall); in 1937 to York (the Minster and Exhibition Buildings).

Of BIRTHDAY FESTIVALS

No Festival was held in England in 1935; we saved our breath for the great Coming-of-Age Festival in the summer of 1936, the events of which covered three weeks. A service in St. Paul's opened the central week, one in the Albert Hall closed it. The biggest gathering, nearly 10,000 strong, was held at the Crystal Palace, indoors and out-of-doors on a June day.

In 1938 Toc H was back in the Albert Hall. It assembled at an uneasy time, but no one foresaw that its next meeting would have to be postponed for ten years. "And now", (as the announcer might say) "we return you to the Royal Albert Hall" for 1948.

The World Chain of Light

TRY TO IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOME celestial helicopter hovering so high about our earth that you could see its globe turning beneath you, its continents appearing in turn in the light of dawn and rolling on through the brightness of midday into dusk and the darkness of night. Imagine, further, that you could see into each Toc H Branch room in the world as it came into view beneath you, with its members assembled for their meeting. At a certain moment you would see the tiny golden point of flame which betokened that they had lit their Lamp for the Ceremony of Light. After a minute or two it would

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The WORLD CHAIN of LIGHT

be extinguished, but the earth would have rolled on meanwhile, and the light of the next Branch would have taken the place of the first. This is what actually happens, unseen, round the earth every night, though we are usually too busy with the concerns of our own Branch to give a thought to the world-wide family of Toc H taking 'Light'. It was a happy thought of Australian members, assembled at their own Birthday Festival nearly twenty years ago, to ask members everywhere in the world to hold 'Light' on one particular night at the same time *by their own watches*, and as they did so to remember their brethren far and wide. Thus in the twenty-four hours that it takes the world to turn once in its journey round the sun, the World Chain of Light is consciously 'forged'. Light your Lamp—and remember your fellow members, some still sleeping, some going to work, others to their meeting, others to bed again. The moment will come in this twenty-four hours for them to light *their* Lamp and remember you. Thus on one evening in the year, the Birthday of Toc H, we remind ourselves by a deliberate and simple act that our family is all one.

The World Chain starts each year from a point carefully chosen and the Light is 'received back' there twenty-four hours later. It is usual for members of the chosen Branch to keep vigil in turns beside their lighted Lamp throughout that time. This year it is London's honour, and the Prince's Lamp, which is kept burning perpetually in the crypt of All Hallows church, will be carried, lighted, into the Royal Albert

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

Hall, and will be taken back to its place afterwards for the vigil until 6 p.m. on Sunday.

The Chain was started, for the first time, in 1929 from Perth, Western Australia. Its starting places since then have been:— 1930, Poperinghe, Talbot House; 1931, South Africa, Johannesburg; 1932-6, Poperinghe, Talbot House; 1937, India, Calcutta; 1938, Canada, Toronto; 1939, New Zealand, Christ Church; 1940, England, All Hallows; 1941, Iceland, Reykjavik Services Club; 1942, Palestine, Jerusalem Services Club; 1943, India, Madras; 1944, Poperinghe, Talbot House; 1945, Channel Islands, Guernsey; 1946, Germany, Berlin Services Club; 1947, Argentina, Buenos Aires. Twice at least the Chain has been started under difficulties—in 1930, when the party of members from England crossed the Channel in dense fog and only reached the Old House in Poperinghe in the nick of time, and in 1940, when the Prince's Lamp was hurried across Tower Hill to the wail of sirens and 'Light' was held beneath the ruins of All Hallows while bombs were falling. And members have held fast their 'link' in the chain under strange conditions sometimes, especially in the war years—gathered in a German or Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, or huddled under a truck in the Western Desert during an air attack, or with a cigarette-lighter for Lamp in the jungle. But the family has always kept faith on this night since the World Chain of Light began.

★ For the Ceremony tonight, see opposite page.

The WORLD CHAIN of LIGHT

At the end of Tubby's talk the Family will stand and sing three verses of this 'Hymn of Light':

O JOYFUL LIGHT, O Glory of the Father,
Holy, beloved Jesu Christ, our Lord!
Now without fear we see the darkness gather,
For that on us Thy evening light is poured.
All through the night, whatever storm assail us—
Passion or pain, despair and shame and loss—
Thou, till the day, wilt hold and never fail us,
Victor before us of the bitter Cross.
Lo, having Thee, we lose not one another,
Sundered-united, dying but to birth;
All worlds are one in Thee, O more than Brother,
One is our family in Heaven and Earth.

The Ceremony of Light

After which the Family will sing:

O LIGHT OF LIGHT, who givest also laughter,
Master of men, who settest servants free,
We build Thy House for them that follow after,
Serving the brethren in service unto Thee.
So shine in us, our little love reproving,
That souls of men may kindle at the flame;
All the world's hatred, broken by our loving,
Shall bow to Love, Thine everlasting Name.
Therefore to Thee be praises and thanksgiving,
Father and Son and Comforter Divine;
We lift our voice and sing, with all things living,
Giver of Life, the Glory that is Thine.

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of Toc H

★ The Audience is requested to **REMAIN SEATED THROUGH-OUT** and to join in the singing of the verses indicated on pages 19 and 20

I BELIEVE

A Festival Masque

Devised by BARCLAY BARON *Produced by* CLIVE CAREY

Conductor: GEORGE F. BROCKLESS, Mus. Doc.

Organist: R. ARNOLD GREIR

THE CHARACTERS

In Order of Appearance

Prologue

Good Intent	. . .	STEPHEN JACK (<i>General Branch</i>)
Evil Counsel	. . .	TRISTAN RAWSON

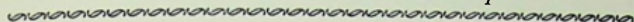
Episode I — 'I Believe in Nothing'

Mischief	. . .	ANN JORY
A Spiv	. . .	JOHN CURTIS (<i>Mark XXII</i>)
A Nihilist	. . .	MICHAEL BARKER

Episode II — 'I Believe in Myself'

A Self-made Man	. . .	BERNARD SHAW (<i>Mark III</i>)
A Dictator	. . .	ARTHUR FYFE (<i>General Branch</i>)
His Bodyguard	. . .	KENNETH CHRISTIANSEN, GORDON MACKINTOSH, DAVID MOTT, COLIN WOODWARD (<i>All of Mark XX</i>)

I BELIEVE—a Festival Masque



Episode III — 'I Believe in Man'

A Saint	WYATT JOYCE (<i>London Arcas Staff</i>)
Children	FROM the MACLAREN SCHOOL OF DANCING
A Lady	BETTY HUMPHREYS (<i>Toc H Headquarters</i>)
Her Pursuer	ARTHUR WATSON (<i>Mark XXII</i>)
Her Protector	JOHN ROBERTS
A Beggar	LESLIE FIELD (<i>Mark XXII</i>)

Episode IV — 'I Believe in God'

A Mother	DOROTHY DEARDEN (<i>Toc H Headquarters</i>)
Her Husband	BASIL MEAD

Epilogue

A Voice	AUSTEN WILLIAMS (<i>London Padre</i>)
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BANNER-BEARERS OF TOC H BRANCHES

Choir composed of the LONDON TOC H MALE VOICE CHOIR and members of the ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Solo in Episode IV (specially arranged for this performance by Martin Shaw) sung by ANNE ALDERSON, violin *obbligato* played by PRISCILLA DIBBLEE.

The Dance Band in Episode I consists of TOMMY LATIMER (Trumpet, *Islington Branch*), CYRIL TUDGE (Saxophone), JACK FAWKES (Piano), JACK LEES (Drum).

Dances arranged by EUPHAN MACLAREN.

Scenery made and painted by GEORGE S. FRASER, D.A. (*Brothers' House*)

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Music in the Masque

EPISODE I

DANCE

The Dance Band plays a syncopated dance tune.

EPISODE II

SONG: *'The man who broke the Bank'*

As I walk along the Bois Boulong
With an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare
"He must be a millionaire".
You can hear them sigh and wish to die;
You can see them wink the other eye
At the Man who broke the Bank

of Monte Carlo.

This song, of which the chorus alone is here used, was written and composed by Fred Gilbert, "a chorister at Evans' famous Supper Rooms, the very cradle of the music hall", and was made enormously popular in the 'Naughty Nineties' by Charles Coburn who died only this year.

MARCH:

The march *allegro pomposo* is taken from *At the Sign of the Star*, the Christmas mime devised by Barclay Baron, with music by Martin Shaw, for the Toc H Birthday Festival of 1929, which was first produced on December 6 and 7 of that year and subsequently at Birmingham and elsewhere. (*At the Sign of the Star*: Oxford University Press.)

EPISODE III

SONG: *'I would I were some bird or star'*

I would I were some bird or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn and road of sin.
Then either star or bird should be
Shining and singing still to Thee.

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

I would I had in my best part
Fit rooms for Thee, or that my heart
Were so clean as Thy manger was;
But I am all filth and obscene,
Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

This poem by Henry Vaughan (1621-1695) was first set to music by Martin Shaw in *At the Sign of the Star* in 1929.

ROUND AND DANCE: '*Sumer is icumen in*'

Sumer is icumen in,
Loudè sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead
And spring'th the woodè now—
Sing cuckoo!
Ewè bleateth after lamb,
Low'th after calfè cow;
Bullock sterteth, buckè verteth—
Merry sing cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo, well singest thou,
Nor cease thou never now.
Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo!
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo!

Sterteth = leaps

Verteth = prances

This famous Easter carol is generally reckoned the earliest English poem: it was written about 1226, the very year in which St. Francis of Assisi died. The tune, written for four voices in the original, was intended to be sung as a *rota* (round) or 'endless canon', as it is used here. Words and music occur together in a beautiful manuscript, once in the library of the Benedictine Abbey of Reading and now a treasure of the British Museum. The English words (here partly modernised) are written above the Latin version in the manuscript. In the arrangement here used (*Oxford Choral Songs*, 868, entitled 'Christian, sing Redemption's Story') the arranger, C. Henry Phillips, has translated a further verse from the Latin, and Christopher Hassall has provided additional words.

MUSIC in the MASQUE

CHORALE: 'Turn Back, O Man'

Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways,
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still will not hear thine inner God proclaim—
'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways'.

Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise,
Age after age their tragic empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that day shall God's whole Will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
'Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one'.

The words are by Clifford Bax and are printed here by his kind permission. They are set to an English form of the melody of the "Old 124th", in the *Genevan Psalter* of 1552; the harmony is mostly by W. Parsons in *Day's Psalter*, 1563. (*Songs of Praise*, 329.)

EPISODE IV

LULLABY: 'This endris night'

This endris night I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day:
And ever among a maiden sung
'Lullay, by by, lullay'.

This lovely lady sat and sung
And to her child did say:
'My son, my brother, father, dear,
Why liest thou thus in hay?'

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of Toc H

'My sweetest bird, thus 'tis requir'd,
Though thou be king veray:
But nevertheless I will not cease
To sing. By by, lullay.'

This endris = the other

Veray = true

The words here sung form the first verses of a much longer carol, which is found in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, written between 1460 and 1490, but they were not new even then. The tune comes from a 15th century manuscript in the British Museum. (*Oxford Book of Carols*, 39; tune in *Songs of Praise*, 72, *English Hymnal*, 20.)

SOLO: '*I sing of a Maiden*'

I sing of a Maiden
That is makeless;
King of all kings
To Her son she ches.
He came all so still
Where His mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.
He came all so still
To His mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.
He came all so still
Where His mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.
Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Godès Mother be.

Makeless = matchless

Ches = chose

MUSIC in the MASQUE

Of the 15th century words Prof. Saintsbury says, in his *Short History of English Literature*: "In no previous verse had this Aeolian music—this 'harp of Ariel'—that distinguishes English at its very best . . . been given to the world." No ancient tune is known. The present one was written by Martin Shaw in 1928 and incorporated in *At the Sign of the Star* in 1929. He has made a special arrangement for the present Masque for a solo woman's voice, with organ accompaniment and solo violin *obbligato*.

EPILOGUE

MARCH

The march *andante nobilmente*, now used for the entry of the Banners, was composed by Martin Shaw in 1929 for *At the Sign of the Star*.

★The Audience, REMAINING SEATED, is asked to join in:

HYMN: 'O come, all ye faithful'

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born that happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest.

The words were translated from *Adeste Fideles*, a Latin hymn of the 18th century, by F. Oakley (1802-1880); the melody is 18th century, source unknown. (*Songs of Praise*, 78, and many other books.)

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

SONG: '*Go forth with God*'

Go forth with God! the day is now
That thou must meet the test of youth.
Salvation's helm upon thy brow,
Go girded with the living truth.
In ways the Elder Brethren trod
Thy feet are set. Go forth with God.
Think fair of all, and all men love,
And with the builder bear thy part;
Let every day and duty prove
The humble witness of thy heart.
Go forth! 'tis God bids thee increase
The bounds of Love and Joy and Peace.
Behold with thine uplifted eyes
Beauty through all that sorrow seems;
And make of earth a Paradise,
The substance of thy dearest dreams.
Bring laughter to thy great employ
Go forth with God and find His joy.

★ **The Audience, STILL SEATED, is asked to join in here:**

Dark is the day and long the Quest
That claims the service of thy sword,
But righteousness shall steel thy breast
That wears the armour of the Lord.
Prepared and patient to fulfil,
Go forth with God and do His will.
The Lord of Life His life did yield;
Thy brethren counted death but loss.
So mark as token on thy shield
The blazon of the Two-fold Cross.
Go forth with God—and though it be
O'er Golgotha to victory.

MUSIC in the MASQUE

Go forth with God! the world awaits
The coming of the pure and strong,
Strike for the Faith and storm the gates
That keep the citadel of Wrong.
Glory shall shine about thy road,
Great heart, if thou go forth with God.

This song, now used for the procession of Banners, is taken from *Master Valiant*, a Choral Masque, devised by Barclay Baron, with music by Martin Shaw, written for the Coming of Age Festival of Toc H and performed in the Crystal Palace on June 26 and 27, 1936. (*Master Valiant* and *Oxford Choral Songs*, 191, unison with descant and two-part verse; and No. 866, for mixed voices: Oxford University Press.)

A NOTE ON PREVIOUS MASQUES

The first Toc H 'Masque', *In the Light of the Lamp*, was produced in the Royal Albert Hall in 1925, and repeated in Manchester in 1926. The second, *The Four Points of the Compass*, was given in London in 1928. The music for both by Christopher Ogle.

In 1929 came *At the Sign of the Star*, a Christmas Mime with Music by Martin Shaw. This was repeated in Birmingham at the 1932 Festival. In 1931 *The Thorn of Avalon*, with Martin Shaw's music, was produced at the Crystal Palace, as was *Master Valiant*, also with music by Martin Shaw in 1936.

In 1938 a masque, *Out of Darkness into Light*, with music from various sources, was played in the Royal Albert Hall. Now, ten years later, comes *I Believe*. These last two are on a more modest scale than the previous performances which required much floor space, a full orchestra, a choir of several hundred voices and a large caste of actors. The 'drama' in all cases has been devised by Barclay Baron.

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Sunday, December 12

Comperre : BRIAN DICKSON

Song Leader :

'SKIP' TAYLOR

At the Organ :

ARTHUR JONES

- 1.30 p.m. General Assembly on the Main Floor.
Wear a label and greet a dozen strangers
(so far) as well as old friends.
Reunion Rallying Points at the Hall
Entrance gangways for: R.N and M.N.;
Home Forces and B.T.I. (c); B.E.F., B.L.A.
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B.N.A.F., C.M.F. and M.E.F.; S.E.A.C.,
INDIA and B.C.O.F.; Prisoners of War
(Asia); Civil Defence and Home Guard;
Toc H Marks.
- 2.30 p.m. The Organ.
Songs. (See pages 25 to 40).
Greetings.
Talks. The theme being a series of brief
glimpses of Toc H to-day, at home and
overseas, and of thoughts on what it can
do the better to serve God and man.
To Sum Up. Harold Howe, Administrator.
Home-going Prayers.
- 4.30 p.m. Tea until 5.45 p.m., for all who hold Tea
Tickets. Long-distance travellers with
trains to catch, first, please!
Omnium Gatherum on the Main Floor and
at the Reunion Rallying Points for all who
can stay.
- 6.00 p.m. The Close of the Festival.



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Some Songs to Sing

1 Skye Boat Song

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I?
Many of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.*

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul—
Where is that glory now?

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone!

The original song to this tune, '*Speed bonnie boat*', was written by Lady Nairne in the 19th century about the escape of Prince Charlie after the Battle of Culloden. The words here printed are by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of Toc H

2 *A Branch Anthem*

Tune: All through the Night.

Toc H lantern-light is glowing
On Friday night,
Beckoning every member going
On Friday night.
All are smiling, quickly walking,
Short legs hopping, long legs stalking.
No breath left for any talking
On Friday night.

Who comes in to square the circle
On Friday night?
Bernard, Herbert, John and Stanley
On Friday night
Eric, Walter, Old and Young Fred,
Benny, Frank and Uncle gather,
Putting two and two together
On Friday night.

Toc H lantern-light is glowing
On Friday night;
Gleams of welcome brightly showing
On Friday night.
(Shaftesbury) hearts, with love o'er flowing,
Pierce the fog and rainstorms blowing:
Friendship deeper grows with knowing
On Friday night.

Adapted, without permission, from the '*Shaftesbury Anthem*' (printed in *Southern Area Quarterly*, Autumn, 1948). Members should insert the name of their own Branch in last verse, names of fellow-members in the second verse and their own meeting night for 'Friday' throughout.

3 Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by far than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

*Ninety years without slumbering—
Tick, tock, tick, tock!
His life seconds numbering—
Tick, tock, tick, tock!
It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.*

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent as a boy,
And in childhood and manhood the clock
seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

One night by his bed as we gather'd around
And our hearts were all held by one fear,
We were startled to hear the clock's low silver sound,
Tho' the time of the stroke was not near.
Then we listened, the tick was no longer so quick,
For 'twas like to his life's ebbing tide,
And it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died.

4 *Sarie Marais*

My Sarie Marais is so far from my heart,
And I'm longing to see her again;
She lived on a farm on the Mo-oi River's bank,
Before I left on this campaign.

*O bring me back to the old Transvaal!
That's where I long to be;
Way yonder 'mong the mealies, by the green,
thorny tree,
Sarie is waiting for me.
I wonder if I'll ever see that green, thorny tree?
That's where she's waiting for me.*

At last there is peace and I'm starting for home,
To the Transvaal I've always adored.
My Sarie Marais will be waiting for me,
Her kiss will be my best reward.

5 The Payneham Ditty

When you roll up to Payneham and sit down to tea
And balance a cup and a plate on your knee,
You think you are in an expensive hotel,
For we train 'em at Payneham to do the thing well.

Tra la la, who can tell

How we train 'em at Payneham to do the thing well?

We take off our coats when we get up to speak,
And the reason we do so is not far to seek:
It stops many an argument, rumpus and riot—
If your shirt's very dirty you've got to keep quiet.

Tra la la, stop the riot!

'Cos we train 'em at Payneham to keep very quiet.

And the washing-up party just out through the door
Won't leave any pieces of plates on the floor;

The sound of a crash is astoundingly rare,

'Cos we train 'em at Payneham to break things with
care. *Tra la la, you may stare—*

But we train 'em at Payneham to break things with care.

In the Jobmaster's innings you may feel afraid

That some might be unwilling to flourish a spade,

But the hard, dirty jobs don't leave *these* blokes
appalled,

For we train 'em at Payneham to come when they're
called. *Tra la la, hands are galled—*

*But we train 'em at Payneham to come when they're
called.*

This ditty was written for his own Branch, Payneham in South Australia, by Arthur James Stubbs, editor of *The Link* of Toe H, Australia, who died on Easter Day, 1947. The old tune is called *Wilkins and his Dinah*.

"First in 1816-

Foremost ever since"

LETTS
DIARIES

are

Bound

to be the Best

6 Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know—
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Poor Old Joe!"

*I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
"Poor Old Joe!"*

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go—
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Poor Old Joe!"

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that all these come not again?
Grieving for friends now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Poor Old Joe!"

7 Vive l'Amour

Let every good fellow now join in a song,
Vive la compagnie!

Success to each other and pass it along
Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!

Vive la compagnie!

A friend on the left and a friend on the right,
In love and good fellowship let us unite—

Vive la compagnie!

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

8 *Rogorum*

Now there was a rich man,
And he lived in Jerusal-e-um—
Glory alley belurium, O Rogorum!
And he used to live
On the fat of the land-e-um.
Glory alley belurium, O Rogorum!
O Rogorum! O Rogorum, O!
Slingamy, lingamy or-e-um!
O Rogorum!

Now there was a poor man,
And he lived in Jerusal-e-um . . .
And he used to live
On the crumbs from the rich man's tabl-e-um...

Now the poor man he died,
And he went up to Heaven-e-um . . .
And he sat himself a-down
On the starboard side of Abraham . . .

Now the rich man he died,
And he didn't fare so well-e-um . . .
For the Devil he came
And popped him down to hell-e-um . . .

Some SONGS to Sing

And the rich man he cried

"O send me down some water-e-um . . ."

But the Devil he replied

"This ain't no Ritz Hotel-e-um—

Shovel on some coal-e-um, O Rogerum!"

Now the moral of this tale

Is that riches end in smoke-e-um . . .

So, glory, glory be

That we are stony broke-e-um . . .

NOTE: *Rogerum*, an ancient song among seamen and soldiers, came to Talbot House with the Queen's Westminster Rifles in 1915. Sung by some Q.W.R. survivors, many of them wounded and gassed, as they marched down the road from Ypres to Poperinghe, it was taken up by the 6th Divisional concert party, 'The Fancies', under Dick Horne, and became very popular; it was the earliest song of Toc H at home.

9 Round: *Mingled Melodies*

Are you sleeping?

Brother John?

Morning bells are ringing,

Morning bells are ringing,

Ding, ding, dong,

Ding, ding, dong.

Three blind mice—

See, how they run!

They all run after the farmer's wife

Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,

D'you ever see such a sight in your life

As three blind mice?

10 *Waltzing Matilda*

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his billy
boiled.

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

*And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his
billy boiled,*

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jum-buk to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with
glee,

And he sang as he stowed that jum-buk in his tucker
bag,

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,

Up rode the troopers, one, two, three,

"Where's that jolly jum-buk you've got in your tucker
bag?"

"You'll come a-waltzing with me."

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,

"You'll never take me alive" said he.

But his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong:

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Matilda=nickname for a pack ('*waltzing Matilda*'='humping your
pack'). *Swagman*=tramp. *billabong*=waterhole. *coolibah tree*=
eucalyptus, 'gum-tree'. *jum-buk*=lamb. *tucker bag*=food bag.

Some SONGS to Sing

11 D'ye ken Toc H? ✓

S. Donald Cox

Tune: 'John Peel'

D'ye ken Toc H, with its blokes so gay,
Be they dark or fair, or bald or grey?
They are all of them young at the close of the day,
When they meet in Toc H in the evening.

*For the joy of the show is the rousing thing,
And the noise that we raise when we shout and sing,
Is a sound that will make every rafter ring
When we meet in Toc H in the evening.*

Yes, we ken Toc H, with its human zoo,
A real assorted and well-mixed crew;
If you've been in the workhouse or in 'Who's Who'
You can meet in Toc H in the evening.

They have one thing common, this varied throng,
An ideal that they hold as they journey along—
From a talk to a job, from a job to a song
From a song to a prayer in the evening.

12 *Lili Marlene*

Underneath the lantern,
By the barrack gate,
Darling, I remember
The way you used to wait.
'Twas there that you whispered
Tenderly
That you lov'd me,
You'll always be
My Lili of the lamplight,
My own Lili Marlene.

Time would come for roll-call,
Time for us to part;
Darling, I'd caress you,
And press you to my heart.
And there 'neath that far-off
Lantern Light,
I'd hold you tight,
We'd kiss 'good-night'
My Lili of the lamplight,
My own Lili Marlene.

Words by permission of Peter Maurice Music Co.

13 *Billy Boy*

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day, me Billy Boy?

I've been walkin' all the day

With me charmin' Nancy Grey,"

And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy

O me charmin' Billy Boy.

Is she fit to be your wife, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

"She's as fit to be my wife

As the fork is to the knife,"

Can she cook a bit of steak, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

"She can cook a bit of steak,

Aye, and make a girdle cake."

Can she make a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

"She can make a feather bed

Fit for any sailor's head."

14 *Men of Harlech*

Men of Harlech, in the hollow,

Do ye hear, like rushing billow,

Wave on wave that surging follow

Battle's distant sound?

'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,

Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,

Be they knights or hinds or yeomen

They shall bite the ground!

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward, 'tis our Country needs us;
He is bravest, he who leads us,
Honour's self now proudly leads us,
Freedom, God and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow.
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend or wife or lover
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven.
Blow for blow is given!
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, for glory,
Freedom, God and Right!

15 The Battle Hymn ✓

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He has loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible
swift sword; His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, Alleluia! glory, glory, Alleluia!

Glory, glory, Alleluia! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an Altar in the evening dews
and damps,

I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps; His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgement seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my
feet; Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom than transfigures you
and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men
free, While God is marching on.

The FESTIVAL PROGRAMME of TOC H

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the
wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succour to the
brave;
So the world shall be His foot-stool, and the soul of
time His slave: Our God is marching on.

16 Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold;
Bring me my arrows of desire;
Bring me my spear; O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

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